

Children's Sermon

Persecuted For Doing Good.

By Rev. Stuart Nye Hutchison.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Matthew 5:10.

When we do wrong we always have to suffer for it. Perhaps our fathers and mothers and teachers do not know about it and they do not punish. But God always knows and He never forgets. For every wrong deed that you perform there will someday be a punishment.

But it is not the bad people alone who have to suffer. Sometimes the good suffer because they are good. We call that kind of suffering persecution. Why did the people crucify Jesus long ago? Was it because he had done something wrong? No, it was because he was good. They hated holiness, and there are people like them today, who hate goodness and do all that they can to make good people suffer.

One of our missionaries tells of a little Chinese boy fifteen years ago when the Boxers were persecuting the poor Christians of China. The Chinese governor heard that this boy was a Christian. He had been at the mission school and had heard about Jesus and had learned to love him. They sent for the boy and told him he must give up his Bible, and sacrifice to the heathen god. The boy said he was a follower of Jesus, and could not sacrifice to heathen gods. He was told that if he did not do as he was ordered he would be killed. The boy answered, "You can kill me, if you will, but I will never deny Jesus." And they killed him.

Jesus meant boys like that when he said, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

In our country boys and girls are not killed

for being Christians. Almost everyone honors you here if they know you are a follower of Jesus. But there are ways in which even now we must suffer persecution.

Sometimes when boys go away to school for the first time, and night comes and they kneel down by their beds to say their prayers, the others make fun of them. It is harder to stand ridicule than it is a blow, and there are some young Christians who give up their religion rather than bear the ridicule of others. I haven't much use for a religion like that, have you? If it is not strong enough to have a little fun made of it, it isn't worth much.

The New York papers told a story last summer of a boy in Jersey City. He was a good boy. He would not do many things that the other boys did, things that were wrong. He went to church and Sunday-school, and the Christian Endeavor Society, and the boys in his class in the high school made fun of him and his religion. There are a great many railroads running through Jersey City. One day he was near one of the railroads when he saw a little child playing on the track. A train was coming and she would be killed. He did not hesitate a moment, but jumped in front of the locomotive. He was killed, but the little girl was saved. The boys, as the paper said, had persecuted him because he was good, but when it came to the real test he was the bravest one of all.

Remember this, if you are doing right, you need never fear what anyone may say or do. When a jeweler is not sure that a ring is gold he tests it to see if it is pure. So sometimes God lets us be persecuted to see if we are really pure gold. If we stand the test He gives us the kingdom of heaven.

Norfolk, Va.

cat puts her paws around the dog's neck, and really kisses him on his nose, and she purrs and purrs. Brownie likes it, too. The children love to hear stories read, especially animal stories. Father makes them up and tells us, but mother has to read hers. We like those by Thornton W. Burgess. If my letter is too long, please publish just a part of it.

Your little friend,

Weems, Va.

Margery F. Dameron.

Dear Margery: Your letter is splendid, and not a bit too long. That dog and cat must be very interesting. You are a fine missionary tom-boy.

H. A.

A GOOD FRIEND.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl 10 years old. I am in the fourth grade. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. F. E. Miller. Her husband is on the border. I have a friend whose name is Sarah King. She and I go to school together.

Your unknown friend,

Dorchester, Ga.

Agnes Waite.

Dear Agnes: Thank you for your letter. Write to me again and tell me what you and Sarah are studying. Why doesn't she write, too.

H. A.

LITTLE JETTS ARE FINE.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little boy six years old. My birthday was Wednesday, January 31. I have two sisters, Margery and Mary Meade, and we all enjoy the stories in your paper, for "the Boys and Girls." We like the Children's Sermon, too. We have no good school near us, so mother teaches us at home, though not regularly. I can read in the second reader, and the story I like best is "The Christmas Bells." Aunt Hattie sent us a copy of "The Little Jetts," and we think the Bible pictures are so interesting. I have studied all of the Child's Catechism, but I'm sorry I'm not yet ready to repeat the whole thing, as those Hill boys did. They must be smart boys. Our church is the Campbell Memorial, and Rev. T. D. Wesley is our pastor. We think he is fine. If you want to eat some good oysters, just come down here on the Rappahannock, and we will give you all you want. I hope this letter is not too long for you to print as I'd like for my Grandmother Jones to see it.

Your little friend,

James O. Dameron, Jr.

Weems, Va.

Dear James: I think The Little Jetts are fine, too. Indeed, I do wish I could go down to see you and eat some of your good oysters.

H. A.

Dear Presbyterian: It must be a year since I wrote you last. My aunt takes your paper, and I look forward to it each week for I enjoy the nice letters in it. I go to school and don't have much time to write. I'm in the fifth grade, my teacher's name is Miss Ryland. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I have a little black pony and I ride to school every morning. Her name is Bessie. We are having a new school building erected, and hope to get in it very soon. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Douthard, and I like her so much.

Your little friend,

Helen McClung.

Buchanan, Virginia.

Dear Helen: I know you love the good little pony that carries you to school every day. It is fine to have a new school.

H. A.

Children's Letters

FIRST YEAR IN SCHOOL.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl six years old. This is my first year in school, and I like it just fine. My teacher's name is Miss Mary Lindsay.

I am visiting up at my Grandpa Brison's for Christmas. Santa was awfully good to me this year, and I hope he was to all the other little girls too.

Your little friend,

Chester, S. C. Martha Patterson Peay.

Dear Martha: I am glad to know that you like school so well. Write and tell me what you are studying.

H. A.

BOB.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl 12 years old. I am in the seventh grade. I have one brother. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I go to the Presbyterian church. My mother takes your paper, and I love to read the stories. I have a pet cat. Its name is Bob.

Your unknown friend,

Eleanor T. Channell.

Huttonsville, Ala.

Dear Eleanor: You wrote me a good letter, and I am glad you like the stories.

H. A.

EVE.

Dear Presbyterian: I go to Sunday-school every Sunday I can. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Stella Pond. I like her very much. My mother takes your paper. Mother reads the paper to me. I always read the children's letters. I have a little black dog named Eve. I went to see my friend, Mrs. Patterson, and the girls this afternoon, and she went with me. I am writing at Miss Carrie Patterson's. I want to surprise my mother.

Your little friend,

Susie Richardson.

R 1, Richmond, Va

Dear Susie: I am sure mother will enjoy the surprise. Do you always take Eve visiting with you?

H. A.

A MISSIONARY TOM-BOY.

Dear Presbyterian: As James has sent you a letter, I want mother to write one for me, too. I am a little girl seven years old. Mother says I'm a real tom-boy, because I love to climb trees, and "skin the cat," and do other tricks like that. But I can do missionary work, too, she says, for I went out and sold two of the Prayer Calendars for the Missionary Society. I wish you could see a pretty picture we look at nearly every Sunday night. Uncle Walton's dog, Brownie, and their cat, come to our back porch window that looks into our dining room, and while we are eating supper they stand there and caress each other. The